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HON. OSSIAN RAY.*

Ossian Ray was born December 13, 1835, in Hinesburg, Vt. He is the oldest son of George and Hannah (Greene) Ray, who were married in Waterbury, Vt., October 2, 1834. They lived in Hinesburg until about March, 1836, removing then to Waterbury, and remaining there until the fall of that year, when they went to reside on a farm which they had purchased in Irasburg. The mother died at Irasburg in 1847; the father remained on the same farm until about 1855, when he removed to Hinesburg, where he is still living, at the age of eighty-three years. George Ray was the son of William and Abigail (Wyman) Ray, and was born in Hinesburg, the eighth of ten children. William Ray came from Hartford, Washington county, N. Y., to Hinesburg, about 1800, and was married to Abigail Wyman, his second wife, after coming to Vermont. Hannah (Greene) Ray, born September 1, 1809, died July 2, 1847, was the fourth child of Capt. James Greene, who was born in Claremont, N. H., and afterwards moved to Waterbury, Vt., serving in the war 1812, being appointed captain in the 11th U. S. Infantry, July 25, 1814. He was severely wounded in a skirmish with the British troops at a place called "Stone Mills" (or "Cole Mills"), near Plattsburg, N. Y., suffered amputation of a leg, and died from the effects of his wound February 17, 1817. He was married in Waterbury about 1802, to Mercy, daughter of Moses Nelson, of Croydon, N. H. The subject of this sketch has one brother, Orman P., of Burlington, Vt., and three sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Bridges and Mrs. Amelia C. Corrigan, of Ogden, Utah, and Mrs. Hannah E. Baker, of Waterbury, Vt.

Ossian Ray's boyhood and youth were passed in Irasburg, where he built up a vigorous constitution by healthful out-door work during the brief summers, and disciplined his mind during the long New England

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winters at the little district schoolhouse, intent upon solving the riddle of life, and acquiring the knowledge and experience of others by studying the printed page. His formative education and character at the district school were under the direction of several able and enthusiastic teachers, among whom may be named the late Henry H. Frost, Esq., of Coventry, the late Timothy Mansfield, of Barton, the late Miss Olive H. Webster, of Irasburg, and Miss Harriet Webster, now of Boston. Young Ray also attended several terms at the Irasburg academy, two of which were taught by Rev. Charles W. Cushing, D. D., now of Rochester, N. Y., and widely known as one of the foremost educators in the country. While at the academy his evenings and odd hours were devoted to the study of history, rhetoric, and public speaking. The country around was interested in these schools and the progress of the scholars, and flocked to the public exercises from the neighboring towns. Triumphs won in that forum were never forgotten; applause from rustic friends stimulated to renewed efforts. The closing exercises were often held in the court-house, and the day was great in the lives of many students. Ossian Ray finished his academical studies at Derby, Vt., where among his fellow-students were the late Hon. Benjamin H. Steele, judge of the supreme court of Vermont; Rev. George I. Bard, of Orford, N. H.; David M. Camp, editor of the Newport (Vt.) *Express;* and Rt. Rev. W. W. Niles, D. D., bishop of the Diocese of New Hampshire. At the age of sixteen he gave promise of more than ordinary ability, and attracted the attention of Jesse Cooper, Esq., a lawyer of Irasburg. The youth was fitted for college in all save Greek and mathematics at that age, and strongly desired to complete his education by a college course, but lack of means forbade. Irasburg was the county seat, where the courts were holden and where lawyers were held in high esteem. At the Orleans county bar were then practising Jesse Cooper and John H. Prentiss, of Irasburg; William M. Dickerman, of Coventry; John L. Edwards, of Derby; John H. Kimball and Samuel A. Willard, of Barton; Samuel Sumner and Norman Boardman, of Troy; Benjamin H. Smalley and Chief-Justice Homer E. Royce, of Franklin county; Judge Luke P. Poland, of Lamoille county; Judge Timothy P. Redfield and Stoddard B. Colby, of Montpelier; Thomas Bartlett and George C. Cahoon, of Caledonia county; and others, whose scholarly minds and rhetorical abilities, as displayed in many a hard-fought legal battle, deeply impressed the youth, and stimulated his ambition to become a leader of men in the forensic arena.

By the advice of Mr. Cooper, and with the assent of his father, young Ray relinquished his college aspirations, entered immediately upon the study of his chosen profession in the office of Mr. Cooper, and became a member of his family. His patron was of great assistance to young Ray, guiding his legal studies, allowing him to try justice causes, encouraging him to manage cases in which he was sometimes the opposing counsel, and largely leaving to him the preparation of his briefs. Two of these

early efforts may be found in the cases of *Webster* v. *Dennison*, Vermont Reports, vol. xxv, 495, 496, and *Cooper* v. *Parker*, *ibid*, 504. From early friends, who then formed life-long attachments, we learn that Ossian Ray was a good scholar, with a natural aptitude for public speaking, popular with his schoolmates, and evincing a strong character.

In March, 1854, he came to Lancaster, N. H., at the request of the late Saunders W. Cooper, Esq., a brother of Mr. Cooper of Irasburg, to assist in closing up his law business, his health having failed. Until the following December he remained in Lancaster, attending to Mr. Cooper's affairs, forming acquaintances, and becoming attached to the people. That winter he taught school in Canaan, Vt., bought law books, pursued his studies evenings, and on Saturdays when school did not keep, and during the holidays, engaged in the trial of justice cases, to the improvement of his legal experience and the condition of his finances. Thus, by teaching and practising, he maintained himself, and pursued his studies until September 1, 1856, when he returned to Lancaster. January 1, 1857, at the age of twenty-one years, he formed a law partnership with Hon. Jacob Benton, of Lancaster, and during the same month was admitted to the bar at Guildhall, Essex county, Vt., at a term of the court over which the late Chief-Justice Luke P. Poland presided, and soon after he was admitted to the Coös county bar, at Lancaster. He has since been admitted to practice in the United States courts, and was admitted to the bar of the supreme court of the United States, January 25, 1872.

Mr. Ray's success at the bar was assured from the first. He brought to the profession an active mind carefully cultured, great natural abilities balanced by good judgment, indomitable perseverance and love for his profession, and a strong and unflinching character inherited from his ancestors. As a lawyer, he has built his fame on an enduring foundation. His preparation of cases has employed his best efforts, his management of them has absorbed him. From the minutest detail to the great law points involved he has been ready; and, ever on the aggressive, his opponents have never found him sleeping.

In 1867 Mr. Benton was elected to congress, and withdrew from the firm. In September Mr. Ray formed a partnership with Hon. William S. Ladd, of Colebrook, which continued until Mr. Ladd was appointed judge of the supreme court, in October, 1870. January 1, 1872, Mr. Ray took into partnership Hon. Irving W. Drew, who had pursued his legal studies in Mr. Ray's office. From 1873 to 1876 Hon. William Heywood was a member of the firm, when he was succeeded by Hon. Chester B. Jordan, a student in the office of the firm. January 1, 1882, Philip Carpenter, of Bath, was admitted, and the law firm of Ray, Drew, Jordan & Carpenter was established, from which Mr. Ray withdrew January 1, 1883, and, with the exception of one year from July 1, 1885, when Mr. Geo. W. Patterson, of Hanover, was associated with him, he has since had no partner in the practise of his profession.

Since 1860 Mr. Ray has been retained in nearly every important lawsuit in Coös and Essex counties, his practice extending into other counties, and to the federal courts of New Hampshire and Vermont, and to cases before the supreme court of the United States. From 1869 to the death of the late John E. Lyon, president of the Boston, Concord & Montreal and White Mountains Railroad, he was counsel for him and for that corporation. Before 1872 he was employed in suits in New Hampshire and Vermont against the Grand Trunk Railway, of Canada. Since that date he has always been retained by that company. His work before the full bench of the New Hampshire supreme court may be traced in nearly every volume of the reports, from the 36th, containing cases heard in July, 1857, to the 64th, now in press.

Mr. Ray was a representative from Lancaster in the state legislature in 1868 and 1869, the former year serving as chairman of the committee on elections, and in the latter as chairman of the committee on judiciary; was solicitor of Coös county from 1862 to 1872; was delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia in June, 1872; was United States attorney for the district of New Hampshire, by appointment of President Hayes, from February 22, 1879, to December 23, 1880, when he resigned, upon his nomination as a candidate for congress.

At the death of Hon. Evarts W. Farr, November 30, 1880, Mr. Ray was elected to fill the vacancy for the unexpired term, and to succeed himself from March 4, 1881, to March 4, 1883, as a Republican representative from the third congressional district of New Hampshire, by over five thousand majority. He was reëlected in 1882 as representative from the second congressional district, the state having been redistricted during his term of office. In the house of representatives Mr. Ray served on the committees of invalid pensions and claims, the duties of which are always onerous and exacting. His services on the former committee will long be remembered by many a veteran, and soldier's widow or children, for no appeal in their behalf ever went unheard, no just cause unespoused. During his brief service in the 46th congress he was largely instrumental in securing the passage of an act removing the terms of the United states courts, formerly held at Exeter, to Concord, thereby convening the northern and western portions of the state. In the 47th congress he aided in securing an appropriation of $200,000 for a United States courthouse and post-office building at Concord, an elegant structure, now practically completed. In the 48th congress, it is safe to say that had it not been for his persistent work and personal influence among his fellow-members, an appropriation of $200,000 for a similar building at Manchester would have failed. He was a strong advocate of the abolition of the duty on sugar, although in favor of a protective tariff when necessary for the benefit of American manufacturers and producers. He also earnestly favored legislation authorizing the government to establish and operate telegraph lines in connection with the postal service of the country.

Mr. Ray has been eminently the architect of his own fortunes. He possesses wonderful energy, industry, perseverance, enthusiasm, and zeal. His great vital force renders him unconscious of obstacles and difficulties; he has confidence in himself and in his case, and is a formidable opponent. His language is clear, incisive, forcible, effective, and often eloquent. He is especially powerful on law points before the full bench of the supreme court; he is always quick to think and quick to act. Mr. Ray is not infallible; his impulse sometimes leads him astray, but his reason quickly sets him right Once having seriously decided upon a course of action, he is hard to swerve from his purpose. Mr. Ray has always been an assiduous reader, student, and lover of books. His private library is very rich and extensive, books being gathered in nearly every room in his house. Returning from a journey he has generally a new lot to add to his collection. These books on history, logic, philosophy, statistics, science, poetry, travel, biography, art, and on every subject of interest and value to the human family, he eagerly devours. His law library is one of the most extensive in the state. He is a man of wonderful memory. Facts and incidents once in his mind are always accessible and available, and he will readily take from his shelves a volume and refer to the page bearing upon or illustrating any fact or theory he has ever read. In this respect he constantly displays to his friends capability and resource unexpected and extraordinary. In the most trying situations he has control of his temper; he is entirely without envy or jealousy, and rejoices heartily in the success of his friends and acquaintances; he is considerate toward young attorneys. All his friends, and they are many, are tenacious in their attachment to him.

In private life Mr. Ray is affable, genial, sincere, and warm-hearted. Since his residence in Lancaster he has done much to improve the appearance of the village, entering heartily into every project for the betterment of the place. He is public spirited, charitable, liberal, and always to be depended upon for his share in the public burdens. He attends the Congregational church, but gives with a generous hand to the support of all denominations in the town. His means and labor are freely given to render neat and attractive the appearance of his buildings, land, and the adjoining highways. Physically he is robust, and possessed of an iron constitution. His face is lighted up with intelligence, good-will, and a happy nature.

Mr. Ray has been very fortunate in his marital relations. His first wife, whom he married March 2, 1856, was Alice A. Fling, daughter of Henry Fling, at that time a citizen of West Stewartstown, and afterwards of Portland, Maine. She was a woman of lovely character, wonderfully kind-hearted, caring for those in need, devoted to her husband and family. She bore him two children, and died April 15, 1871. He married, second, October 16, 1872, Mrs. Sallie Emery (Small) Burnside, a lady of rare qualities of mind and great strength of character, possessing fine judgment, an

amiable disposition, genial and affable manners, and entering quietly but heartily into Mr. Ray's plans and aspirations, guiding with her counsel and strengthening with her love.

His children are,—Edward, born October 18, 1858, married, lives in Jefferson; Alice, born April 4, 1866; Helen, born November 17, 1873; Ossian, Jr., born January 4, 1878.

THE BULOW PLANTATION.

The name of Florida, given in 1512 by the old Spanish discoverer, Juan Ponce de Leon, to the peninsula which separates the Gulf of Mexico from the Atlantic ocean, arouses a memory of flowers and balmy weather in the mind of every traveller who has visited that favored region. With many vicissitudes of fortune, Florida remained in the hands of the Spaniards till 1763, when it was ceded to the British government. In 1783, by the treaty of Paris, Florida was ceded back to Spain by Great Britain. In 1819 negotiations were commenced between the United States and Spain for the cession of Florida to the former, and a treaty to that effect was entered into. This treaty was ratified by Spain in October, 1820, and by the United States in February, 1821; and in the following July Florida was finally taken possession of by General Andrew Jackson, by order of the government. The Indian policy, so long maintained by the authorities at Washington, soon led to the usual results of an Indian war, with all its alarms and atrocities.

CHAPTER I.

In the latter part of December, 1835, near the close of one of the shortest days of the year, two horsemen might have been seen galloping briskly along side by side over the old King's Road, some miles south of St. Augustine. The sun had long been hidden by dense banks of clouds in the west; and the breeze, moaning and sighing in fitful gusts through the tall, palm-like pines, indicated the approach of a rain-deluge, so well known in Florida.

"I fear we left St. Augustine too late, Antonio, to arrive at Col. Bulow's by daylight."

"Yes, sir, I know it; but if we can cross Pellicer creek before that shower strikes us, and it gets to be very dark, we shall do well enough, for this broad, straight road runs close by the plantation," replied Antonio.

"What have we to fear at Pellicer creek?"

"There is a rumor in town that the bridge has been carried away. I had no time to verify the report, but I think it very probable; for we have had very heavy rains this fall."

"What shall we do in that case? Can we not ford the stream?"

"We can swim across, if we have daylight, Captain Homer."

"There is the fifteenth mile-post. How much farther is the creek, Antonio?"

"It is just beyond the twenty-third mile-post, if I remember rightly."

"Then we would better try the full speed of our horses;" and giving rein to their willing steeds, they urged them to greater speed.

Their way was in a south-easterly direction, along the King's Road.

The King's Road is an object of interest to this day to the natives of Florida, as well as to the thousands from distant states who seek the genial climate of the favored peninsula for pleasure or health. As the old fort, cathedral, gateway, and numerous old buildings of St. Augustine, preserved for their antiquity, are monuments of the occupation by the Spaniards, so this road remains to commemorate the industry of the Britons.

During the brief occupation by the English in the middle and latter part of the eighteenth century, the country had taken great strides toward civilization. With their departure at the close of the Revolution, and the retrocession of the province to its old masters, the Spaniards, most of the signs of their late possessions were obliterated. The indolent Southrons knew and appreciated the value of a good road, and, although unwilling to exert themselves to build or even repair the needed thoroughfares, were by no means averse to using them. This road had been laid out by engineers in long, straight reaches through the interminable pine barrens, rounded over and ditched, and across the swamps had been protected from the action of the wind and rain by rows of pines thickly planted on either side. Such is the stability of the soil, that to this day, a century after its completion, it is as perfect through the pine barrens as when it was first opened.

As the horsemen gallop along in the fast disappearing twilight, a few words may be said in introduction of two who will occupy prominent positions in this narrative. Charance Homer, a graduate of West Point, had been zealous for active service, and, at the first threatening of war in the newly acquired territory of Florida with the war-like and treacherous Seminoles, had hastened to exchange from the engineer corps to a cavalry regiment under marching orders to the scene of possible disturbance. His rank had been advanced from lieutenant to captain, but the prospect of dangers from the jungles and Indians more than compensated for the increase in rank. The captain was a tall, soldierly gentleman, with the blonde hair and whiskers characteristic of Anglo Saxon descent, dark blue eyes, indicative of their owner's energy and bravery, and with a frame which, although well developed, had yet a vast store of latent power for endurance as well as fatigue. His features were pleasing to all, if not positively handsome and regular; and his worst enemy could not but acknowledge him to be an honest and honorable man. His twenty-sixth year found him unsullied by the world, "heart whole and fancy free."

Antonio Hernandez, his companion, was a native of St. Augustine, of Spanish descent, who had become so attached to his beautiful home that he preferred to remain and become an American citizen to exiling himself, with many of his compatriots, to uncongenial shores. His age was about twenty-five, his form lithe, sinewy, and powerful; of average height among Americans, very tall

compared with his own countrymen, with the straight black hair and sharp coal-black eyes characteristic of his race; a face with great power to express the feelings of the heart within, or, at will, to completely mask every inward sentiment. His acquaintance with Captain Homer had been of only a few weeks' duration, but his character for integrity with the officers of the garrison at St. Augustine had given the latter the utmost confidence in him. His education, too, made him congenial, for he had spent several years with Catholic clergymen in South Carolina, and spoke the English language with the fidelity so remarkable in educated foreigners.

The American was dressed in a close-fitting jacket of heavy blue cloth, ornamented with the regulation gilt buttons, tight-fitting pantaloons which were protected to the knee by top-boots, and a broad-brimmed felt hat. Around his waist was a leathern belt, from which his sword and scabbard were suspended. His saddle and bridle were of the plainest but most serviceable kind. Attached to the saddle were holsters, each with a heavy pistol; while behind the rider was a knapsack containing a Mexican blanket and personal luggage; and before him, resting on the pommel, was a short carbine. The plainness of his dress and accoutrements, compared with those of his companion, was more than offset by the grace and beauty of the thoroughbred English hunter which he bestrode.

The Spaniard's horse was smaller than his companion's, and showed some trace of Arabian lineage. His bridle and saddle were elaborately ornamented with solid gold and silver trimmings. The rider wore low shoes, pantaloons bell-shaped at the bottom, richly embroidered, as was his short jacket. His sombrero would have seemed heavy to one unused to it, so decked was it with ornaments. He was armed like his companion, for already was there rumor of an Indian uprising; and a lonely ride through the forests of Florida would always render advisable the carrying of arms offensive and defensive.

"We shall catch it before long," cried Captain Homer, still urging his horse onward. "We have more than a mile to go, and it is sprinkling already."

"And we know what a shower is in Florida, captain," replied Antonio.

"And this, I suppose, is the creek you wished to pass," said Homer, as their horses slackened their pace at the edge of the heavy timber which bordered Pellicer creek.

"Yes, sir, and we have only a bridle path winding down this side of the ravine and up on the other; for here the King's Road is lost for half a mile in the most tangled jungle of Florida," replied Antonio.

"Can you guide me through?" asked Homer.

"I will try," said Antonio briefly; and urging his horse in advance he entered a narrow, tortuous path under the grand old live oaks. The branches hung low, festooned with the trailing moss, so dense overhead that twilight was found beneath its shadows with a mid-day sun. On either hand the luxuriant undergrowth of tropical climes made an impassable barrier for horsemen. Slowly they descended the winding path to the banks of the stream, with

their hands well protected in riding-gloves, constantly occupied with warding off the hanging and trailing vines which would bar their progress.

"What is the trouble now?" asked Homer, as Antonio came to a dead pause.

"Can you not see?" replied his companion. "The bridge has been swept away; the run is very full, and I cannot catch a glimpse of the opening on the other side."

"But let us try some way to cross over," urged Homer.

"Captain Homer, you know I would not hesitate except in the face of a terrible danger, if only for the inconvenience we must endure. We might possibly escape if we missed the opening on the other side, but what would become of our horses?"

"Why, are they in danger?"

"If we had more light, captain, you would realize the peril better. The stream is swollen by the fall rains, and is now a deep, swift torrent. In any case we should have to swim for it; but to be swept in among fallen trees and clinging vines in the dark, with no certain goal in view, would bewilder both us and our horses; and if we miss the narrow opening on the other side, we may wait until morning, perhaps, on some log, and be very lucky to find our way back here."

"What would we better do, Antonio?"

"I think it better to pick our way back to the top of the ravine and bivouac until morning."

"Why need we go back?"

"We can gather some pitchwood in the edge of the pines and build a fire under one of the great oaks," replied Antonio, "and make ourselves comparatively comfortable for the night."

So for a few minutes they retraced their steps, and came at last to the open pine barren. The rain had been falling gently for some minutes before, but now it came down in great sheets. The thunder, which had been rolling in the distance like a park of artillery, suddenly burst overhead and all around, and echoed and re-echoed through the forest, while the vivid flashes came almost continually, now and again splitting down the towering stem of some swaying pine tree. The travellers had dismounted, and, leading their horses beneath a heavy branched old oak, stood in the lee of the massive trunk to seek shelter from the wind and rain.

"We are not alone in this wilderness," said Antonio, who had been looking out from the bushes.

"Who can possibly be in this neighborhood?" asked the captain.

"We shall know shortly, for they are coming directly towards us on foot at full speed."

They both felt for their trusty pistols, to be prepared for the strangers in case their intentions were hostile.

"All right, captain," said Antonio, "they are friends;" and as he spoke five dripping men came under the same tree where our friends had found shelter.

"Hullo," said the foremost, "who have we here?"

"Friends, Sergeant Jones!" said Captain Homer.

Instantly, almost instinctively, the sergeant came to a stand-still, and gave the military salute.

This being acknowledged by the

officer, he asked,—"What brings you here, sergeant? I thought you were stationed at the old Spanish fort at Matanzas Inlet."

"So we are, sir, but Lieut. Barnes gave us leave to-day to corral some fresh meat," replied the sergeant. "We have been hunting since early morning, and have brought in two fine deer. Here, Private Smith, lay down the result of your shot for inspection."

Private Smith did as requested, and one of his companions followed his example, glad to be relieved for a moment of his load.

"What do you propose to do, Sergeant Jones? I see you are in the same predicament that I am," inquired Captain Homer.

"We propose to wait until this shower has passed over, and then to go to our quarters, sir," replied Jones.

"If we should go with you, could Lieutenant Barnes provide for my companion and myself?" asked the captain.

"Lieutenant Barnes would be delighted to see you, I have no doubt," replied Sergeant Jones. "He is the only commissioned officer at the post, and has been very anxious to hear from St. Augustine for a long time. He will no doubt welcome you with joy."

While they were talking the thunder had been growing more and more distant, and the gusts of rain came more fitfully, while the flashes of lightning became much less vivid.

"We have a shed on the edge of the palmettos, where you can leave your horses in safety for the night," said Jones, as the party prepared to leave the shelter of the oak.

"Will they be perfectly safe from the cats in the neighborhood?" asked Antonio. For the dreaded American lion is known by the name of "cat" to all the inhabitants of our Southern country.

"We have made express provision against all animals, as you shall see," was answered.

The little party now left the shelter of the timber, and, following the lead of Sergeant Jones, took a path parallel with the run leading in an easterly direction toward the ocean. The stars came out and gave enough light to guide them on their way, especially as the path led along the border of the timber. The deer were thrown across the saddles, and our two friends followed the soldiers as they filed along the paths. They met with no adventure on their way, and arrived at the palmetto border of the marsh after a brisk walk of a mile or more. The horses were safely left in a rude hut built of palmettos, and the party defiled over the marsh by a well beaten path towards the celebrated fort.

This fort was built in the earliest times, on an island commanding the narrow entrance of Matanzas Inlet. It consisted of a massive turreted tower, with the addition of a water-battery to the south to command more effectually the entrance. At the cession of Florida to the United States, some years before our story begins, this inlet had harbored a gang of wreckers, or, rather, pirates, who had been winked at or connived at by the Spanish authorities as long as their avocation interfered only with American and English shipping. To break up this nefarious business, a small

force had been detailed to guard this port, and instead of camping out they had made the old fort habitable, and found therein a pleasant and still impregnable fortress. A detachment of twenty men, including the officer in command, was at this time in garrison.

After a walk of a third of a mile over the hard marsh, the party came to the banks of the creek, and unloosing a flat-boat from its mooring went paddling towards the island fort.

"Who comes there?" rang out on the night air.

"Sergeant Jones and party," was the reply.

"Advance, Sergeant Jones and give the countersign," was the direction of the watchful sentinel.

The garrison was small, but kept up the discipline necessary in an unknown or an enemy's country.

This formality being attended to, the party ran the boat into a little creek in the island, sprang ashore, and approached the fort.

A narrow entrance in the wall of the water battery was unbarred, and one by one the party ascended, and passing along a passage, descended by stone steps to the interior of the battery. A bright scene here met their view. In a large open fire-place burned great sticks of mesquite, which threw out into the large apartment light and heat. The soldiers were scattered about in groups, employed in various ways, but having thrown aside all care and trouble.

Lieutenant Barnes now appeared from the open door communicating with the tower, and advancing towards Captain Homer with extended hand, cried in welcome, "You are a God-send, indeed, captain—I am delighted to see you; and you too, Antonio;—you both are most welcome to this old fort."

"And we are very glad, lieutenant, to accept of your hospitality, for we should have had the cold comfort of bivouacking under the trees near Pellicer creek had we not fortunately met Sergeant Jones during the late heavy shower," replied Homer.

"Shall we not be discommoding you greatly by accepting your hospitality?" asked Antonio.

"You must be prepared for some of the hardships of a soldier's life, Antonio," replied Barnes, "but up in my quarters I can do something towards making you comfortable."

Leading the way, he passed through the tower doorway, which was guarded by a heavy iron-studded oak door, and leading them through the basement, well supplied with provisions in case of a siege, passed up a second staircase to the chamber of the tower.

"Here you see me at home, gentlemen," said Barnes, "and I welcome you to my den."

"Why, you have made a palace of it, Barnes. How have you managed to furnish it so handsomely?" asked Homer.

"It is all home-made—every comfort, every luxury—except my spring-bed and mattress. Let me explain how I have given a homelike appearance to the place. In my mess kit I carry all necessary tools; and the wrecks along this coast, or lost deck-loads, have strewn the beach for miles with stray boards. Some of them have been collected, and you

see the result in my table, bedstead-wardrobe, bookcase, mantel, and hanging shelves."

"But where did you obtain these antique easy chairs?" asked Homer, sitting back in one before an open fire.

"The buckskin came from an animal we shot on the marsh. This is simply stretched over a log until the inner surface is hard and dry, being thus naturally tanned. The swamps in this vicinity abound in red cedar. Choosing an old dead tree in the edge of one of the hummocks, I cut the branches with about the right curves and made my framework; over this the skin is stretched for a bottom and back—and there you have my easy chair."

"But you have everything here, almost, for comfort, lieutenant. I almost envy you your quarters," said Homer.

"I pay the men for saving all the hides of animals taken, and have induced the hermit hunter below here to exchange his plunder for commissary stores," continued Barnes. "That bear-skin and that cat-skin, which make cosy rugs, he brought to me lately to exchange for coffee. These otter furs were captured up Pepito Run by Sergeant Jones, who is a skilful trapper as well as hunter; they make nice camp-stool covers, but the strength is in the canvass covering beneath. Most of the plumes you see against the white walls are the result of my prowess. I shall send them to my sister in Boston one of these days, when the opportunity offers. Now they please the eye, and to me

'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.'"

"Ah! lieutenant, a fertile brain is after all a man's best companion. Many of our men would have occupied these quarters for months, and been as uncomfortable the day of leaving as on their arrival. You have made this barren ruin as home-like and comfortable as a house in Charleston. What a charming idea, that of adorning your walls with cotton tapestry!"

"Yes, I claim that as my idea. There is always a demand for cotton cloth; and here I keep it hung up about these cold stone walls, to be used at any time when needed for more urgent necessities."

While they had been conversing the lieutenant's steward had been preparing the table for supper for the strangers; and now he addressed Barnes, and intimated that the repast was waiting their convenience.

"Come, gentlemen, draw up to the board, and after you have satisfied your hunger we can have a quiet smoke and chat," said Barnes, taking his place.

And such a dinner! Oysters in soup came first; then a course of salt water trout, very much resembling the mackerel taken off the northern coast; this was followed by roast venison and wild ducks. Among the vegetables was the palmetto cabbage. Afterwards came the cracker pudding, and a large basket of the rich, juicy oranges of Florida, since then so justly celebrated over the whole country.

"I will not offer you wine after your coffee, gentlemen," said Barnes, "but I will offer you some lemonade that will put in the shade anything in that line you ever tasted, probably.

The lemons, as well as the oranges, came from my plantation."

"How is that, Mr. Barnes?" inquired Antonio, who, after satisfying a by no means small appetite, sat rolling his tobacco into cigarettes preparing for an after-dinner smoke.

"Why, I was wandering on the main about a mile north of here when I sighted a beautiful paroquet in the laurel bushes in the pine barren, who got the start of me before I could cover him, and flew into a great hummock, apparently of live oak. Knowing the bird frequented dry places, I ventured cautiously after it, and passing a deep, heavy border of tangled underbrush and round-leaf timber, I came into a grove of small trees very closely packed together. My way was impeded by long thorns that would stick into me and would not be turned aside. I gave up in despair, and, taking a last look for the paroquet, saw myriads of these beautiful oranges and lemons glistening like gold in the tops of the trees. I thought first of climbing for them, and then of whittling one of the trees down with my dirk; but both of these schemes required more determination than mine, so I turned away regretfully to await some more fitting opportunity. Then the thought struck me of my boyish rogueries in a neighbor's orchard, when I had permission to pick the windfalls. I immediately marched to a good-sized tree, and firmly grasping it, careful withal to avoid those aggressive spines, I gave one vigorous shake. I did not repeat the operation again that day. For a half minute it rained oranges, great yellow ones like these on the side-board; and since then I call it my grove or plantation, for I not only discovered it, but the way also of availing myself of the fruits of my discovery."

"And I think your claim would be allowed before any tribunal," said Antonio. "Some old settler, probably, chose the locality for an orange grove, as best adapted for the purpose from the fringe of timber already there, and long since his descendants, driven from their farms to the town, have forgotten it."

"Now, captain, I know you are rested and your appetite is appeased! Can you keep me longer in suspense in regard to garrison news, gossip, and plans from St. Augustine? It has been a month since I heard from head-quarters," said Barnes.

"There is a good prospect for some warm work, Barnes, I assure you. The Indians have left their reservations, and have already come in contact with the settlers. In October Major Llewellyn Williams and six of his neighbors discovered a party of Indians near the Canna-pa-ha pond butchering a beeve. As the Indians were a long distance outside of their boundaries, the white party disarmed them and flogged some of them; but one escaped, and two Indian hunters coming up fired on the party of Major Williams. A skirmish ensued, in which two of the Indians were killed and three of the white men wounded, one mortally. About the same time the express-rider from Tampa Bay to Fort King was murdered by the Indians. Charley Emathla had commenced his preparations for removal, and gathered his cattle for appraisement and sale. Osceola, at the head of a party of Miccosukies, met the old

chief on the trail to his village, in the latter part of November, and shot him down. Gen. Thompson should either not have humiliated this daring and impetuous chief, or should have confined him permanently at Fort Marion. Rumor comes in every day that the Indians are on the war-path, and there is no knowing where the first blow will be struck."

"Then there is a speedy prospect of my being ordered away from this isolated post?" inquired Barnes.

"I do not know for certain the general's plans; but I know we are daily receiving recruits from the north, and already St. Augustine is being filled by people from the near neighborhood who seem paralyzed by terror. The negroes, I think, are inclined to exaggerate, and nearly all the rumors come from that source."

"But may I ask why you and Antonio are thus riding without an escort, captain?" queried Barnes.

"Oh! yes. You may have heard that Antonio's brother, Signor Tristan Hernandez, who owned a large tract of land at the head-waters of Halifax river, has for several years been seeking a purchaser for his beautiful plantation, with all its improvements and slaves. My uncle, Col. John Bulow, has made the purchase, paying fifty thousand dollars in gold for the whole, including two hundred Africans, six thousand acres of most fertile land, one thousand of which are under cultivation, a beautiful villa, and a sugar-house which alone I am told cost your father, Antonio, Gen. Hernandez, more than the whole amount of the purchase-money."

"Ah, that is so, gentlemen, but what can he do? The blacks are attached to the soil. You may remember my place some ten miles below here at the head of Mala Cerafua Creek. In 1821 my uncle and guardian attempted to move my servants to St. Augustine when this province was ceded to the United States, thinking it would be for my advantage to dispose of this part of my property in a more settled community. By some means known only to themselves, they got an inkling of what was in prospect, and that night my house and sugar-house were burned, and the negroes left in a body down the King's Road driving and carrying with them all they could of any possible value to them; and by morning they were safe from pursuit, and no doubt are now ingrafted into some of the Seminole families. At first we hardly knew who to look to for redress. Tristan has been far wiser than I. Although the purchase has been made, they are ignorant at the quarters of any change of owners; and Col. Bulow and daughter are treated by my brother and his servants as honored guests."

"And it is for their sakes, you see, lieutenant, I am making this journey. Of course I anticipate no immediate danger, but I want them to be fully warned and prepared if the tide of war rolls this way," said Homer.

"Osceola is a terribly active, malignant savage," said Barnes, "and there is no knowing where he will strike first."

"That is my dread," said Homer; "for you must know that I am very fond of my stately Cousin Helen, and would sooner have my own scalp dangling at some Seminole's belt than her beautiful long hair."

"I think I can appreciate your feelings," returned Barnes.

"Yes," said Homer, dreamily, "she is my only sister, for I have no other. We were reared under the same roof. Uncle John is the only father I ever remember. My own fell at New Orleans at the post of duty, cheering on his company to repulse the English."

A pause in the conversation followed these words, while each vied with the others in sending forth smoke-wreaths. At last Antonio said,—

"I could not trust anybody to guide Captain Homer to the old plantation save myself; but you know," addressing Homer, "that I urged on you the necessity of passing the Run before dark."

"That is so, *mio amigo*," replied Homer. "I thought I never should get away from head-quarters. I believe they were almost averse to my leaving without an escort."

"I am very glad I came with you,' continued Antonio, "for I shall not only see my brother, but I have seen Mr. Barnes, and can now better appreciate the saying, 'He can make the wilderness smile!'"

"When you are weary, gentlemen, I will order up your beds," said Barnes, after a bow of acknowledgment to Antonio for his compliment. "Smith, my master-mechanic and general factotum, received an order on your arrival to knock together a bed for you, and you may be curious to know how I have been obeyed."

Touching his call-bell he directed his steward, who responded, to bring up the beds as soon as ready; and a few moments later the steward came in with a box-bed made on very simple principles. Boards about a foot wide were made into a frame, four by seven feet. The four corners were secured more firmly by small joists, which reached a foot below the frame and answered for legs. This frame was covered by canvas from some condemned tent-fly, securely tacked to the top of the frame. The mate to this soon followed, and a bale of army blankets.

"Ah, what luxury!" cried Captain Homer. "Many a time in the next year I shall look back to this bed with the most tender recollection, I fear."

"I know every soldier will have many hardships to encounter before the Seminoles leave for the setting sun," said Barnes.

In a short time after, the party turned in for the night, secure in the strict watch of the pacing sentinels beneath.

[To be continued.]

A DREAM.

By Henrietta E. Page.

'T was midnight, and the city's maddening din
  Awhile was hushed, inviting to repose;
But I was ill and restless, and my heart
  Hungered for scenes which to my memory rose.—
The fields, so verdant, I in childhood knew,—
  My happy childhood, now so far away.
Ah! how I prayed that I again might be
  Where once I knew nor lone nor wearying day.

And then I must have dreamed, for I was poised
  Above a waste of waters, dark and drear;
I knew not how, nor what upheld me there,
  But far beyond the stars were shimmering clear.
I woke within my happy English home,
  Upon my cosy little cottage bed;
My pains were gone, and sweet was my repose,
  And all the sorrowing years between were dead.

The small-paned window, with curtains drawn aside,
  Was open to admit the fragrant air;
The nightingales were singing in the fields,
  And all appeared to me surpassing fair.
I lay and watched the moonlight sifting through
  The interlacing network of the leaves,
While soft and low the bud-shields of the trees,
  Like pattering rain-drops, fell upon the eaves.

The south-wind that o'er beds of violets swept,
  In languor all my tired soul was steeping;
I felt as free from care as though I were
  An infant on its mother's bosom sleeping.
And then a blessed vision came to me,—
  My angel mother, all in gleaming white:
She laid her hand in blessing on my head,
  And pressed my lips once more, and breathed "Good-night."

My burdens now I bear with greater ease,
  For life seems brighter for that happy dream;
I 'll strive to see my troubles as they 're meant,
  And not to murmur that they wearying seem.

THE IRISH-SCOTS AND THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

By Hon. John C. Linehan.

A study of peculiar interest to all of New Hampshire birth and origin is the early history of those people, who, differing from the settlers around them, were first called Irish by their English neighbors, "Scotch-Irish" by their descendants, and later on Scotch by writers like Mr. Morrison of Windham. According to the latter, "The ignorance of other classes in relation to them and their history was unbounded." "They were called Irish, when not a drop of Irish blood flowed in their veins." "They were of Scotch blood, pure and simple; the blood of Erin did *not* flow commingled in the veins of the hardy exiles, who, one hundred and sixty and more years ago, struck for a settlement and a home in this wintry land." "Then let every descendant of the first settlers distinctly remember that his ancestors were Scotch, that he is of Scotch descent, and that the terms 'Scotch-Irish' and 'Scotch-English,' so far as they imply a different than Scotch origin and descent, are a perversion of truth and false to history." Many have heard of what the old lady said, "That's where Paul and I differ," and, like that argumentative, kind old soul, there is where Mr. Morrison and history differ. The American of English origin, who is fortunate in tracing his lineage to the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock, is not content to stop there. He goes back to Britain, and even then is not satisfied until he goes to the cradle of his race in Germany, the home of the Saxon: so would the true Scot go back to the Highlands, and from thence across to the home of *his* race, Ireland, the true Scotia of history, the source of his language, his customs, manners, laws, name, and religion. That this is not more generally known is not the fault of history but of prejudice, and after all not surprising, for where among modern nations can be found a people more vilified and more persecuted, and whose early history has been more misrepresented or studiously avoided than that of the ancient Irish and their descendants. A criticism of the London *Times*, within a year, on a work on Ireland by a young English student, was very severe because the writer went back of the Norman invasion, which the *Times* said was of no possible interest to Englishmen. It is not uncommon to find occasionally a child ashamed to own its parent, but that does not by any means sever the relationship; and writers like those mentioned, so proud of their Scotch origin, cannot, even if they would, rob Erin of her ancient name and appropriate it to themselves without giving credit where it is due. As well might the people of New England attempt to take to themselves the name, fame, and glory of the older England. Cochrane, in his "History of Antrim," speaks in glowing terms of his Highland ancestors—of their unconquerable, haughty natures, of their bravery to the foe, and their kindness to the poor, but repudiates the idea of their Irish origin; but a standard Scotch work, the writers in which

being on the ground ought to know whereof they speak, tells the story as follows (vol. ii, p. 333 Chambers's Encyclopædia): "The 'Scots' were the Celtic tribes in Scotland, dwelling in the western and more mountainous districts north of the Forth and the Clyde, who, when it became necessary to distinguish them from the Teutonic inhabitants of the low country, received the names of the 'Wild Scots,' 'The Irishry of Scotland,' and more recently the 'Scotch Highlanders.' 'St. Bridget,'" it also mentions, "was held in great reverence in Scotland, and was regarded by the Douglasses as their tutelary saint."

In their respect for St. Patrick, also, the Scots of the Highlands were not a whit behind their kindred in Ireland, as the frequent mention of the name proves.

There was so much prejudice shown towards the Londonderry settlers by the English of the adjoining towns, that Rev. Mr. McGregore, their pastor, according to Belknap or Barstow, wrote Governor Shute complaining because they were called Irish Catholics when they had been loyal to the British Empire and fought against the papists; but it is recorded also that he wrote to the French governor of Canada that his people were from Ireland, and craved his good graces with the Indians; and in this he was more successful than in the former, for while the hostility of the English settlers lasted for years, the Londonderry people were not molested by the Indians, who made havoc with their neighbors all around them.

St. Donatus, or Donough, Bishop of Fiesole, in the seventh century, one of the band of Scottish missionaries, whose names are found all over the continent of Europe, describes his country as follows:

"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
By nature blessed, and Scotia is her name
Enrolled in books,—exhaustless in her store
Of veiny silver and of golden ore.
Her fruitful soil forever teems with wealth,
With gems her waters, and her air with health;
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow,
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow;
Her waving furrows float with bearded corn,
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn;
No savage bear with lawless fury roves,
Nor ravenous lion through the peaceful groves;
No poison there infects, no scaly snake
Creeps through the grass, nor frog annoys the lake—
An island worthy of her pious race,
In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace."

"Conradus, a Monte Puellarum, who wrote about 1340, states that men illustrious for sanctity flourished in Ireland, which was called Scotia Major; and Grester, Canisius, Cæsarius, Marianus Scotus, Orosius, Isodorus, and Venerable Bede, with a train of other learned writers, who flourished from the sixth until the fourteenth century, designate Ireland by the appellation of Scotia;" and the Breviary of Aberdeen in Scotland shows, beyond all controversy, that there was a Scotia Minor as well as a Scotia Major. In this ancient Breviary it is mentioned that "St. Winnius, born in a province of Scotia from the illustrious Neillian monarchs, was by a prosperous and propitious gale wafted to Scotia Minor."

Two Scoto-Irish saints, according to Chambers, vol. iv, p. 324, "have left their mark on the topography of Ireland and Scotland—St. Fillian the Leper and St. Fillian the Abbot." The former had a church on Loch Erne in Perthshire, Scotland, and another in Ballyheyland, Ireland. The latter had a church in Westmeath,

Ireland, and in the upper part of Glendochart, Perthshire, Scotland, which takes from him the name of Strathfillian. St. Fillian's well takes its name from the former. A relic of St. Fillian the Abbot has been preserved to our time, the silver head of his Crosier or pastoral staff now in possession of a member of the family, Alexander Davar, a farmer in Canada, whose ancestors have been the hereditary and legal custodians of the relic since the thirteenth century. A full description of it, "the Quigrich or Crosier of St. Fillian," will be found in the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, Edin., 1861.

Of the language—Gaelic—Mr. Richard Garnett, one of the most learned of English philologists, writes,—"That Irish is the parent tongue; that Scottish Gaelic is Irish stripped of a few inflections; and that the language of the Highlands does not differ in any essential point from that of the opposite coast of Leinster or Ulster, bearing in fact a closer resemblance than low German does to high German, or Danish to Swedish." Mr. W. F. Skene, one of the best informed of Scotch writers on the Gaelic language, although laboring hard to find a native origin for it, has to admit that the north of Ireland, the Scottish Highlands, and west islands were, at an early age, peopled by the same race; and further admits, that from the middle of the twelfth century to about the middle of the sixteenth century, Ireland exercised a powerful literary influence on the Scottish Highlands; that the Irish sennachies and bards were heads of a school which included the west Highlands; that the Highland sennachies were either of Irish descent, or, if they were of native origin, resorted to the schools in Ireland for instruction in the language; that in this way the language and literature of the Scottish Highlands must have become more and more assimilated to the language and literature of Ireland; and that it may well be doubted whether, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, there existed in the Scottish Highlands the means of acquiring the art of writing the language except in Ireland, or the conception of a written and cultivated literature which was not identified with the language of that island."

The first printed books, from 1567 to 1690, for the use of the Scottish Highlanders, were all in the Irish orthography and Irish dialect,—a translation of the Bible in 1690 being simply a reprint of Bishop Bedel's Irish version of the same. Here, then, is proof sufficient that from the middle of the sixteenth century, back to the dawn of modern history, Ireland and Scotland, the mother and daughter, were closely connected—one in blood, language, and religion. The Reformation brought about a change of faith, but that would not transform the blood. The Scots from Argylshire, who went to Ireland under James the First in 1612–'20, were the ancestors of the "Scotch Irish" of New Hampshire; and it will be hard for writers like Mr. Cochrane or Mr. Morrison to prove that "the blood of Erin did *not* flow commingled in their veins," for the writings of Skene and other Scotchmen admit the close connection almost down to the departure of the Argyle emigrants for Ulster; and the

names borne by the greater part of the settlers were those peculiar to the Highlands and to Ireland.

"Buckle's History of Civilization," speaking of Scotland, says,—"It is at this point—the withdrawal of the Romans—that we begin to discern the physical and geographical peculiarities of Scotland. The Romans gradually losing ground, the proximity of Ireland caused repeated attacks from that fertile island, whose rich soil and great natural advantages gave rise to an exuberant, and therefore restless, population. An overflow which in civilized times is an emigration, is in barbarous times an invasion. Hence the Irish, or Scotti as they were termed, established themselves by force of arms in the west of Scotland, and came into collision with the Picts, who occupied the eastern part. A deadly struggle ensued, which lasted four centuries after the withdrawal of the Romans, and plunged the country into the greatest confusion. At length, in the middle of the ninth century, Kenneth McAlpin, king of the Scotti, gained the upper hand, and reduced the Picts to complete subjection. The country was then united under one rule, and the conquerors, slowly absorbing the conquered, gave their name to the whole, which in the tenth century received the appellation of Scotland."

Pinkerton, in his "Ancient Lives of Scottish Saints," speaking of the Picts, says that "Pictavia is spoken of by the chronicles long after the accession of Kenneth McAlpin, and *long before Scotia became identified with northern Britain, or ceased to be the ordinary name of Ireland.*" Again he writes,—"The Picts, supposed by some to be the Caledonians of the Roman writers, when first known under that name, occupied the whole territory north of the Firth of Forth except the western portion, which had been colonized or subdued by the Scots, another Celtic nation, whose chief seat was in Ireland,—*the proper and ancient Scotland.*" "The Southern Picts were converted to Christianity by St. Ninnian, and the Northern Picts by St. Columba," two of the most celebrated of the Irish missionaries of the sixth century.

Fergus, son of Erc, Moc Fergus—from whence the Fergusons take their name—the first king of the British Scots, was supposed to be a close connection of St. Columb-cille. For his coronation the stone of destiny (in Ireland known as the "Lia Fail," in Scotland "The Stone of Scone") was brought to the Highlands from Ireland, but not returned according to promise, and for years was kept in the Church of Scone, where the Scottish sovereigns were crowned, down to the time of Edward I. king of England, who captured and conveyed it to England, where it now forms part of the coronation chair of the sovereigns of the United Kingdom in Westminster Abbey. From Edward to Victoria every ruler of Britain has been crowned on the stone. Even Cromwell the Puritan, too democratic to go into the abbey, had the chair brought out into the hall, and on it took the oath of office as "Lord Protector" of England.

Of the absurdity of the statement that the blood of any nation is pure, "free from commingling," a writer in Chambers, vol. xi, p. 382, says,—

"It is unreasonable to suppose that the Anglo-Saxon invaders exterminated the native Celtic population (of Britain), or even drove more than a tithe of them into the Highlands. The mass undoubtedly remained as subject serfs, learned the language and customs of their masters, and gradually amalgamated with them, so that perhaps, in point of blood, the English are as much Celtic as Teutonic." The invasion of England later by the Norman French proves the theory of this writer. The Saxons were enslaved by their masters, and in time amalgamated with them, so that to-day the language as well as the blood shows the mixture. In fact, there are more French than Saxon words in the former; and writers of Alfred's period would esteem themselves, in the England of to-day, so far as the mother tongue is concerned, strangers in a strange land.

Green, in his last work, "The Making of England," a most admirable book, confines himself to the period between the landing of Henghist and Horsa, in 449, to the union of all England under Alfred, about 850. From the Angles, Saxons, Danes, and Jutes, mixed with a remnant of the ancient Britons, and from the Norman-French, who invaded England in 1040 under William the Conqueror, are descended the English people. The language, on account of the mixture of races, is to-day, according to Max Müller, the most composite of any spoken on the globe, the number of words in Webster's and standard English dictionaries derived from the Latin or French being in the proportion of two to one from the Saxon.

Now the man who *is* to write the "Making of Scotland," following the plan of Green, will find, according to the testimony of that writer, who derived his knowledge from Gildas, the last British historian, and from various other authorities whom he quotes, that the coast of Britain, under the Roman power, was continually raided by the Scots of Ireland; that they had established colonies on various points, north and south; that between the second and third centuries the kingdom of Dalriada was founded by them in what was then called Caledonia; that in company with the Picts, the aborigines of Scotland, they used to pour down on the Romans from the Highlands; that to keep them out the Emperor Severus built the great Roman wall; that on the decline of the Roman power, and after being driven out of Dalriada, the Scots again passed over from Ireland, under Fergus, son of Erc, who was crowned first king of the British Scots in 503.

From this time up to about the date of the accession of Alfred, the condition of Caledonia was similar to that of England, continual warfare between the Scots and Picts ending in the complete subjection of the latter in the eighth century, and the crowning of Kenneth McAlpin as the first king of Scotland. The Picts disappear from the pages of history: no trace of language or custom remains. From Ireland the Scots took their traditions, manners, religion, laws, customs, language, and name.

Chambers's Encyclopædia, vol. ii, p. 712, says of the Caledonians,—"Whether of the Cymric or Erse branch of the Celts is unknown, they

disappear in the third century. The same doubt exists in regard to the Picts, but the Scots were emigrants from Ireland, both Scots and Gael being common names of the old Irish." Again, speaking of Scotland, vol. 7, p. 555: "The original Scotia or Scotland was Ireland, and the Scoti or Scots, the people of Ireland, a Celtic race." For many years, owing to the confusion incidental to the two kindred peoples, their nations were known to continental writers as Scotia Major and Scotia Minor. The exact period when the name ceased to be applied to Ireland is unknown, but is supposed to be about the twelfth century. From the Irish people, according to Chambers, "the Anglo-Saxons received their knowledge of religion mainly, and of letters entirely." Green gives credit to the same source, and wrote that "it was the fashion in Europe in the ninth century to go to Ireland for piety and learning." Scottish scholars and ecclesiastics from Ireland not only flooded pagan England, but spread all over Europe. A Saxon raid on the coast of Ireland in the eighth century, according to Green, was looked upon as a sacrilege by the English people, an outrage on the land from which came their teachers and benefactors. Columb-kill at Iona, Columban in France and Lombardy, Gall in Switzerland, and hundreds of their associate Scots, carried the gospel of Christ and a knowledge of the classics to the then pagan countries of northern Europe and the older nations of the south, whose faith had been corrupted and whose knowledge of learning impaired by the repeated inroads of the barbarians.

The language of the England of to-day was not that of the Angles, who were entirely ignorant of letters. The blood of the modern Anglo Saxon is not as clear as that of his ancestors of the fifth century. The names of the people are not the same as those in use a thousand years ago, but, according to all English writers, they are the same people, and on that question no issue is desired. But apply the same rule to the Scotch, the language of the Highlands is the same Gaelic, without corruption or mixture, that their ancestors used when they left Ireland. It is the same tongue used in Ireland to-day where Irish is spoken. Their family names are those largely used in Ireland before the Anglo Saxons had acquired a knowledge of the alphabet, or knew how to make the sign of the cross, both of which were taught them by the Scottish missionaries. The Mac is known only in Ireland and Scotland, or in countries peopled by those nations. The connection between the people of both countries was close, down to the Reformation. On Ireland the British Scots had to depend for education. They had no schools of their own; the seats of learning were all in the old land, at Armagh, Bangor, Derry, Cashel, and other places of note in those days; and even as late as the sixteenth century the Highland harpers went to Ireland to get a musical education.

When the Scots emigrated from Ireland, the memory of St. Patrick was fresh in their minds; the precepts he taught were what they practised. His name, with that of Bridget, was loved and honored in Scotland, and revered in Ireland. The Saxons even

loved the name of Bridget, which was borne by one of Cromwell's daughters, and it will also be found on the tombstones of the Walker family in Concord, in the old cemetery.

In no part of the world was the Celtic blood more vigorous than in the Highlands, where, in Argylshire, as late as 1851, with a population of about 90,000, mostly all used the Gaelic tongue. The Scotch are then more truly Celtic than the English are Saxon; and it is unfair, in the light of history, to draw a line between them and their kindred of Ireland.

It is the fashion now to do this, and among the number who wish to cut off the connection, if such a thing were possible, are the offspring of many whose ancestors never saw the hills of Scotland, but who would fain enroll themselves in the ranks of the "Scotch-Irish."

From Ireland to Ardh-Gaehdal (Argyle) the Scots went in 503. To Ireland from Argyle returned the Scots in 1620; and to America their descendants sailed away in 1719. Call them Scotch-Irish, or Scotch, as you will, this is their record. If it is wrong, then the writers in Chambers—all Scotch—are mistaken, and Green's works full of errors. That the people of the Lowlands are mixed will make no difference. Apply the same rule to both countries, and Scotland is more Celtic than England is Saxon. Another fact in connection with this point is of interest. Cochrane, in his history of Antrim, alluding to the "Massacre" of 1641, states that but comparatively few of the Scotch were killed by the Irish, whose hatred was more directly against the English, and also wrote that while the English settlements were repeatedly attacked by the French and Indians in New Hampshire, the "Scotch-Irish" were not molested, and that there was a supposition that they had been instructed to that effect by the Jesuit priests in Canada: rather suggestive.

The "Massacre" of 1641 has been for years a terrible weapon in the hands of those who hate the Irish Catholics; but it has been treated on so often by Irish Protestants who love the truth and the good name of their countrymen, that a word from one whose ancestors have been so foully slandered for two hundred years is not heeded. The "History of Ireland," by Prof. Taylor, of Trinity college, Dublin, published by Harper Brothers; "Vindicæ Hibernia," by Mathew Carey, father of the great writer on political economy, Henry C. Carey; and the "Cromwellian Settlement," by John P. Pendergast,—all treat exhaustively on the subject.

For over eighty years, under the reigns of the two Jameses, Cromwell, the two Charleses, and William the Third, the "Scotch-Irish" had been the willing instruments in the hands of English rulers and English parliaments to uphold the English power and the English church. Presbyterians themselves, they fought willingly against their Catholic kindred for their share of the land of Ireland. And no matter what was the religion professed by their masters, or the form of government,—monarchy or republic, king or protector, Episcopal or Puritan,—they did their full part; but the day of reckoning came, and bitterly did they reap the fruit of

their labors and sacrifices. The surrender of Limerick ended the terrible struggle so far as the Irish Catholics were concerned. William was firmly seated on the throne, the Irish for the first time completely subjugated, their lands in the possession of the "Scotch-Irish," the troopers of Cromwell and of William, and their persons were at the mercy of all who hated them.

The French Protestants, who fought for William with his Dutch auxiliaries, had settled in Ireland; many of them were skilled artisans. Manufactures sprang up; the war was over, and the arts of peace followed; the herds of cattle, sheep, and horses increased. The lot of the poor Irish people was growing better; their services—their labor—were required; and it seemed after all as if the country was going to see peace and prosperity restored, although confined mainly to the strangers. But, lo and behold! the people of England awoke one morning and found a new competitor crowding them in their own markets. They had been accustomed to supply the Irish people; but the tables were turned, and England was flooded with Irish cattle, Irish wool, and Irish woollens. That would never do. Parliament was appealed to; the prayers of the English merchants were granted; the exportation of cattle and manufactured goods from Ireland was forbidden; and the great British nation was once more saved. This was a hard blow to the loyal Protestants, in whose hands and by whose exertions Ireland in so short a time had proved to be so formidable a rival. Ireland — Protestant Ireland — sank under it.

Then, again, the government, finding the Presbyterians independent and stiff-necked, and having for the time being effectually settled the Catholic question, exporting to the West India islands and to New England over ten thousand boys and girls, young men and women, and scattering over Europe, from Italy to Poland, additional thousands of exiles,—soldiers, priests, and laymen,—turned its paternal eyes on the "Scotch-Irish," and it took but a few years for them to learn,—after restrictions placed on their religion, petty persecution of their pastors, the increase of their rents on leases expiring, and the entire destruction of their manufacturing industries,—that it made but little difference with the English government what people it was that inhabited Hibernia,—the old Irish, the "Norman-Irish," the "Anglo-Saxon-Irish," or the "Scotch-Irish." Their mission in life was to work for the profit of the English people, to fight, and, if necessary, to die for the English government, and to worship God in conformity with the English church. What was the result? Why, those people whose ancestors left Scotland one hundred years before turned their backs on Ireland, and in thousands emigrated to America, accompanied by fully as many of the old race, whose homes are scattered all over the original thirteen colonies, and whose names—the McNeils, McLeans, Lanahans, Carrols, Lynches, McMurphys, McGregors, Barrys, Sullivans, McCormicks, McDuffys, O'Briens, Manahans, O'Neils, O'Donnells, Brannans, Pollocks, Buchanans, Morrisons, McClintocks, Mc-

Guires, McCarthys, Jacksons, Coffees, Groghans, McGradys, Clarkes, Harneys, McDonoughs, Porters, McMillans, Montgomerys, Shutes, O'Haras, McAffees, McGinnises, McGowans, Butlers, Fitzgeralds, Mooneys, Kellys, Kennys, Moores, Gilmores, McAdoos, Kearneys, Haleys, McClarys, Pendergasts, Sheas, Roaches, McCombs, McCalls, McGills, McRaes, Kanes, Flynns, O'Connors, McClellans, McClanahans, McGees, O'Keefes, O'Rourkes, O'Reillys, McConihes, McDougals, McDowells, etc., etc., etc.—are found to-day all over the country. Many immortalized themselves by deeds of daring in the service of the colonies or the republic, on land and on sea.

Lord Fitzwilliam estimated the number of operatives who left Ireland at one hundred thousand. Dobbs's "History of Irish Trade," Dublin, 1727, said that three thousand males left Ulster yearly for the colonies. Philadelphia alone, for the year 1729, shows a record of 5,655 Irish emigrants, against English and Welsh 267, Scotch 43, Germans 343.

They left Ireland with the most intense hatred of England. That hatred was religiously transmitted to their children, which England found to her cost in the war of the Revolution, the close of which found Moylan the commander of the dragoons, and Hand the adjutant-general of the army—both natives of Ireland. Among those of their kindred who remained at home this intensity of feeling found vent in the institution of the order of "United Irishmen," first like the Irish Charitable Society of Boston, founded in 1737, all Protestants, afterwards assimilating with those of the Catholic faith, and culminating in the Rebellion of 1798, when for the first time in the history of Ireland the Catholic and Protestant Celts fought on the same side, and the Catholic priest and Presbyterian elder were hanged on the same tree. This is so well known that no authorities need be quoted.

The "Scotch-Irish" loved Ireland. Their action in 1798 proved that they did not hate her sons; and they emigrated to America, not as some writers would have the world believe, on account of dislike to the Irish people, but because they could not live under the English government in Ireland.

The affinity between the kindred races is treated lightly by modern writers, especially in New Hampshire, and the saying of Bayard Taylor, in "Picturesque Europe," that "they [the Irish] were the true Scots of history," would no doubt be exceedingly distasteful to them; but it will be very hard to find a Teutonic origin for the gallant and stubborn race which has never learned to bend the knee or bow the head to tyrants, either in Ireland or in Scotland—a race to which Europe owes a debt it can never repay. For from the teachings of the Scots, at a time when Rome and Greece were overrun by barbaric hosts, she learned her duty to the true God as taught by the gospel of His divine Son, and acquired a knowledge of letters which, owing to the overthrow of Rome, was fast dying out.

Cochrane in the History of Antrim, and Morrison in the History of Windham and the History of the Morrison Family, allude to the theory of the Irish origin of the

Scotch, but do not consider it credible. A study, however, of the origin of the names of persons and places in Ireland and Scotland would disclose the relationship. The prefixes Kin, Kil, and Dun, in the names of places, are as frequent in one country as in the other, and the prefixes Mac and Kil to the names of persons are common to both. Mac simply means son,—MacShane, son of John; MacDonough, son of Dennis; MacGregor, son of Gregory; MacDermot or MacDiarmid, son of Jeremiah; MacDonald, son of Daniel; MacPhadrig, son of Patrick; MacTeague, son of Timothy; MacBride, son of Bridget; MacMurrough, son of Murrough, etc.

The prefix Kil, so often seen in Irish names of persons and places, and also peculiar to Scotland, is not as sanguinary as it appears. It is the Celtic pronunciation of cell,—the *c* being hard in Gaelic, and the word being pronounced as if spelled *kel*. So comes the name Kilpatrick or cell of Patrick, Kilmichael, Kildare, etc.

The ancient name of Edinburgh was Dun-Eidan. Dunmore, Dunluce, and Dungiven in Ireland, will be matched by Dunbarton, Dundonald, and Dundee in Scotland.

The prefix and affix Ross is also peculiar to both countries. Melross (Melrose) Abbey in Scotland and Muckross Abbey in Ireland show the relation: it means headland.

In Ireland a lake is called a lough —Lough Erne; in Scotland, a loch—Loch Lomond;—so with the names of mountains, etc., etc. A slight knowledge of the Gaelic language would be of inestimable value, especially to Mr. Morrison, who would not then be obliged to draw such heavy drafts on his imagination in seeking for the origin of the Morrison family; for certainly, before the Teutonic Mohrs, from which he fondly hopes he has sprung, left their native wilds of Germania, or before the blessed Virgin found followers in Ireland or in the Highlands of Scotland so devoted as to style themselves sons of Mary—Marysons, sons of Mohr, Mohrsons—the MacMurroughs of Leinster (son of Murrough, or Murroughson) broke many a shillalagh at Donnybrook or in some other historic festive locality. One thing is certain, and it is this, to the unprejudiced reader: it does not appear from a perusal of colonial documents that these people who settled in Londonderry and other towns in New Hampshire were so much ashamed of being called Irish as the writings of some of their descendants indicate. There were scattered among them many bearing names peculiar to the east, west, and south of Ireland, like Flynn, Lanahan, O'Brien, Manahan, Sullivan, Lynch, Connor, and Mooney, a sprinkling of the Norman-Irish names of Burke and Fitzgerald, as well as some of the well known north of Ireland names of O'Neal, McMahon, and O'Donnell. In addition, the settlers of Scotch origin were largely the descendants of those who had settled in Ireland in 1620, one hundred years before the emigration to America, and intermarriages had taken place between them and their ancient relatives. It was not then surprising that their newly settled towns were named after the dear old homes, not in Scotland, but in Ireland; that the society organized in Boston in 1737 was called the Irish Charita-

ble Society instead of the Scotch; that the second Masonic lodge in this state was named St. Patrick's Lodge, and instituted on St. Patrick's Day, about 1770 or 1780, and that the first grand master of the order in the state was John Sullivan; and that some of the most eminent men in the land sprung from this noted stock. As there was also considerable emigration direct from Scotland to America, and as the greater part of our noted men claim affinity, not directly with the Scotch, but rather with the "Scotch Irish," it must be granted that the sojourn of a hundred years in Ireland, and the intermarriages with the people of that country, produced a superior race, which should be called, according to the rule laid down by Gov. Ames of Massachusetts, at the last banquet of the "Irish Charitable Society," "The improved order of Scotchmen," as he styled them—the members of the Charitable Society—"The improved order of Irishmen." But to be serious, as history has been written about the so-called "Scotch-Irish" here in New Hampshire, an Irishman who loves the traditions and good name of his race has ample reason to find fault, for not only is every allusion to the people of Ireland very offensive, but all emigrants from that country to this, prior to the Revolution, no matter of what branch of the race, Irish or Scotch, are claimed by and credited to the latter. "In morals, blood, language, and religion," they, the Scotch-Irish, were different from the Irish, it is said. The intelligent reader can see for himself how true this statement is, so far as the blood and language are concerned; and as for the morals of the Irish people, let an unprejudiced writer decide. Sir Henry Maine, in his "History of Institutions," "Brehon Laws." page 80, says,—"At the present moment Ireland is probably that one of all western countries in which the relations of the sexes are most nearly on the footing required by the Christian theory. Nor is there any reasonable doubt that this result has been brought about in the main by the Roman Catholic clergy." So much for the morals of the Irish people in 1875; and in this they are in accord with those of their ancestors at the period written of by Morrison and Cochrane, according to the testimony of Lecky on "European Morals." If the morals of the Scotch colonists in Ireland in 1620 differed from those of their Irish cousins, it would not be to the discredit of the latter.

A short study of the work of Maine quoted will satisfy the writers mentioned of the origin of the Scots, as he constantly alludes to the Celts of Ireland and of the Scottish Highlands, to the "Newer Scotia" and to the "Scots of Ireland." On page 80 he says,—"It cannot be doubted, I think, that the primitive notion of kinship, as the cement binding communities together, survived longer among the Celts of Ireland and the Scottish Highlands than in any western society." Prejudice has for centuries prevented English scholars from studying the early history of Ireland, but, thanks to the efforts of writers like Maine, this is now being done. He alludes to this prejudice when he writes,—"There was no set of communities, which, until recently, supplied us with information less in

amount and apparent value concerning the early history of law than those of Celtic origin. This was the more remarkable because one particular group of small Celtic societies, which have engrossed more than their share of the interest of the country—the clans of the Scottish Highlands—had admittedly retained many of the characteristics, and in particular the political characteristics, of a more ancient condition of the world almost down to our own day. But the explanation is that all Celtic societies were, until recently, seen by those competent to observe them through a peculiarly deceptive medium. A thick mist of feudal law hid the ancient constitution of Irish society from English observation. "The group of Irish scholars, distinguished by a remarkable sobriety of thought, which has succeeded a school almost infamous for the unchastened license of its speculations on history and philology, has pointed out many things in Irish custom which connected it with the Archaic practices known to be still followed or to have been followed by the Germanic races."

Of the piety of the Irish people of the fourteenth century, the following from Maine, page 17, bears proof: "One MS., the 'Senachus Mor,' or the great Book of Laws, known to be as old at least as the fourteenth century, has written on it a touching note by a member of the family to whom it belonged: 'One thousand three hundred two and forty years from the birth of Christ till this night; and this is the second year since the coming of the plague into Ireland. I have written this in the twentieth year of my age. I am Hugh, son of Conor McEgan, and whoever reads it let him offer a prayer of mercy for my soul. This is Christmas night, and on this night I place myself under the protection of the King of Heaven and Earth, beseeching that he will bring me and my friends safe through the plague.'" Hugh wrote this in his own father's book in the year of the great plague. Again, on page 237, he speaks of "Iona or Hy as the religious house founded by St. Columba near the coast of the 'newer Scota.'"

The failings of the "Scotch-Irish," in the way of a love of whiskey, festivities at weddings, the observance of wakes, and an occasional bout with the shillalagh, are charged to their Irish neighbors, from whom they contracted these bad habits. The love for the ardent is still a Scotch failing; its praises have been sung by "Bobbie" Burns and Sir Walter Scott, both of whom dearly loved the "Mountain Dew," and the refrain has been chanted in our own day by no less a person than Professor Blackie; but in view of the fact that all in those times "took their tod" —Catholic, Puritan, or Presbyterian—whiskey, New England rum, or hard cider, according to their liking—it would be a waste of time to endeavor to refute such charges, especially when history informs us that neither church, school-house, nor barn, in New Hampshire, could be raised or dedicated without a liberal supply of New England rum. Instead of casting reflections, one ought to be thankful that such things would be simply impossible in our own day, and that the fault was not of the people, but of the times in which they lived.

This fear on the part of so many, who pride themselves on their descent from the settlers of Londonderry, of being confounded with the modern Irish, can easily be inferred. The migration of the latter, mainly of the Catholic faith, and principally from the south, east, and west of Ireland, began about the year 1840. They were poor, ignorant of letters as a rule, and their manners, customs, and speech strange to those to "the manner born." Thousands came here without mothers, wives, or sisters, and with no chance to practise their religion, or, at least, to have an opportunity to have its tenets expounded. It was no wonder that, deprived of the wholesome influence of home and of religious instruction, they fell into habits that neither the stern discipline of war nor its most severe rules could restrain in the army, as many who served through the Rebellion can truthfully testify to, when thousands of the strictest life at home gave way before the temptations of the camp and the field, and, deprived of the aid rendered by the agencies mentioned, went to dishonored graves, or came back miserable wrecks, destitute alike of honor and of manhood.

For their lack of education they were not responsible, nor for their poverty;—the former they were deprived of for 150 years by legal enactment; the latter was the natural effect of the laws under which the settlers of Londonderry could not live, and from which they fled 121 years before. But these modern Celts brought with them what the country needed,—strong, muscular bodies, clear heads, willing hands to work, clean hearts, and honest purposes; and when the hour finally arrived, and their wives and children were gathered around them, new homes and new firesides were founded, the "Soggarth aroon" followed, and the modest little chapel arose, crowned with the sacred symbol of Calvary—the cross—to be followed by the many beautiful churches and stately cathedrals, tributes to their piety, devotion, and self-sacrifice. And when the world had seen the tireless labor bestowed on the railroads, on the canals, on the wharves, and in the mines, their stern loyalty and unflinching bravery on the battle-fields of the War for the Union, and of the steady advance in all the walks of life,—commercial and mercantile, the army and navy, the law and the church,—of those of the first generation following, their most bitter enemies were compelled to acknowledge that they were true descendants of the Scots whose piety and learning astonished Europe from the sixth to the tenth centuries, and gallant kindred of the heroes who made the Irish brigade of France a terror to its enemies and a glory to the race from which it sprang.

It was then but natural that the descendants of those whom tyranny had driven from Ireland 148 years ago, educated by their surroundings, and prejudiced against them through their teachings, should regard the new comers with aversion, and dread to own them as kindred. But the advance made by those emigrants and their children in our own day, and a knowledge of the early history of the race, will remove this prejudice, and in time make them as proud of their origin as those who have sprung

direct from the cradle of the Scots—Ireland, the Scotland of history.

It is the supposition of many writers that all of the old Irish are Catholic, and the later stock Protestant. While this may be true in the main, there are, nevertheless, good sized minorities of the former Protestant, and the latter Catholic, as their names indicate. The founders of Methodism in America came here direct from Ireland, and while Philip Embury may have been of German origin, among the pioneers the names of John Finnegan, Joseph Mitchel, Henry Ryan, and Peter Moriarty, which appear on the pages of Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens's "Memorials of the Introduction of Methodism in the Eastern States," about the period of 1790, are fully as Irish in appearance as the names of Chaplain McCabe or Bishop John Lanahan of the Methodist Church South in our own day. A study of modern Irish history would verify this statement. The lineal descendant of the hero of Clontarf, Brian Boru, is an Episcopalian.—O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin; and a direct shoot of Dermot MacMurrough, of infamous memory, is one of the staunchest supporters of the same church. Both are as anti-Irish as the most belligerent Englishman, while, on the other hand, some of the purest patriots and most devout Catholics were of English or German stock.

Of the ancient art and learning of Ireland, English and Scotch bear witness. Pinkerton, a noted Scottish writer, who has already been quoted, speaks of the life of St. Columb-kill "as being the most complete piece of ancient biography that all Europe can boast of." It was written by St. Adamnanus, Abbot of Iona, who died in 703. Like Columba, he was an Irishman, and a successor of the saint as Abbot of Hy. This opinion of Pinkerton's is endorsed by David McPherson's "Annals of Commerce," Edin., 1805. This gentleman made copious extracts from the works of Adamnanus, all of which show the high state of Irish civilization as early as the fifth and sixth centuries, facts which will stagger the belief of our modern defamers.

From Adamnanus Mr. McPherson proves "that the arts, conducive not only to the conveniences but to the luxury of life, were known and practised to an excess in Ireland in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries; that the luxury of riding in chariots was common; that the bodies of the dead, at least those of eminent rank, were enveloped in fine linen; that though ale was a common beverage, wine was also used; that in churches bells were used; that they had long vessels in which they performed extended voyages of fourteen days into the Northern ocean; that they had instruments, and trinkets of gold, belonging to ages antecedent to authentic history. As civilized countries do not carry the precious metals into countries in an inferior state of civilization, it seems more probable, says Mr. McPherson, that the gold was found in mines, of which there are still many traces in Ireland, than that it was imported there. We should suppose, with Tacitus, that Ireland had a greater foreign trade than Great Britain."

"The first mention of Ireland in ancient times occurs in a poem by

Orpheus, where he speaks of it as Iernis, 500 years before Christ. To the Romans it was known as Hibernia, and to the Greeks as Ivernia and Ierne. Aristotle speaks of two islands 'situated in the ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules, called Britannic Albion and Ierne, beyond the Celtæ.' 'Pomponious Mela, with quite an Irish warmth of eulogy, declares the herbage to be so luxuriant that the cattle who feed on it sometimes burst.' Pliny repeats this statement, and adds 'that the Hibernian mother trains her child from the first to eat food from the point of a sword.' But the most important of all is Ptolemy, who describes the country, and gives the names of the principal rivers, promontories, seaports, and inland towns. Diodorus Siculus mentions it, and wrote 'that the Phœnicians, from the very remotest times, made repeated voyages for commerce.'"

The writer of the article in Rees's Cyclopedia on Ireland says,—"It does not appear improbable, much less absurd, to suppose that the Phœnicians might have colonized Ireland at an early period, and introduced their laws, customs, and knowledge, with a comparatively high state of civilization." Tacitus, referring to a proposed invasion of Ireland under the direction of Agricola, says,—"In the fifth year of these expeditions, Agricola, passing over in the first ship, subdued in frequent victories nations hitherto unknown. He stationed troops along that part of Britain which looks to Ireland, more on account of hope than fear, since Ireland, from its situation between Britain and Spain, and opening to the Gallic sea, might well connect the most powerful parts of the empire with reciprocal advantage. Its extent, compared with Britain, is narrower, but exceeds that of any islands in our sea. The genius and habits of the people, and the soil and climate, do not differ much from those of Britain. Its channels and ports are better known to commerce and merchants. Agricola gave his protection to one of its petty kings, who had been expelled by faction, and with a show of friendship retained him for his own purposes. I have often heard him say that Ireland could be conquered and taken with one legion and a small reserve; and such a measure would have its advantages as regards Britain, if Roman power were extended on every side, and liberty taken away as it were from the latter island."

The island was never conquered or even explored by the Romans. Sir John Davies remarked, regarding the boast of Agricola, that "if he had attempted the conquest thereof with a larger army, he would have found himself deceived in his conjecture." And William of Newburgh has also remarked that "though the Romans harassed the Britons for three centuries after this event, Ireland never was invaded by them." "The Scots and Picts gave their legions quite sufficient occupation defending the ramparts of Adrian and Antoninus, to deter them from attempting to obtain more, when they could hardly hold what they already possessed."

[To be continued.]

TWO WITCHES.

By C. C. Lord.

The town of Hopkinton, N. H., was settled by intelligent people. They came mainly from Hopkinton, Mass.; they took up a tract of wilderness; they encountered the elements, the wild, the beast, and the savage; they turned the wilderness into a fruitful land; they put civilization in the place of barbarism. Only intelligent people can do all this.

The settlers of Hopkinton, N. H., were not as informed as intelligent. Their judgment lacked the aid of many facts. Some of these facts were known in their day; others, probably not. Their methods were defective. They spent too much time over trivial matters. Their records show this. They were too careless about important things. Their records show this also. Want of practical information delayed progress in the new settlement. It kept them disputing over needful public acts. It made them fast when they should have been slow, and slow when they should have been fast.

In every society there is a combination of influences, yet at all times something predominates. Socially speaking, the settlers of Hopkinton, N. H., were predominantly influenced by religion. It was recognized in their original civil compact. The town was to support a minister. He was to be "learned and orthodox." Strictly, he was to be a Congregational Calvinist. The minister, too, was prominent in all public counsels. In fact, his superior information and culture made him so. More than this, religion was dogmatic. The Calvinistic confession was emphatic. The "five points" were essential to the formula. In a sense, they represented all that should first be believed. Outside of them, all was error.

The religion of the time left little room for the occult. Outside of the immediate domain of religion, a mystery was dangerous, if not damnable. To feel, think, and realize something directly unexplainable was entering into the sphere of prohibited things. But nature is greater than unqualified prohibition. The occult was born in men from of old. Hence it must come out of men. In early times, in Hopkinton, N. H., people discovered the occult. They did not understand it; they could not explain it; so they called it prohibited. Then they proscribed it. They called it witchcraft. Then they remembered it was written, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." We cannot condemn them for this. They thought as well as they could. History abounds with the ascriptions of demonism to simple phenomena of nature. There is a simple apparatus that illustrates the compressibility of fluids. Every youthful student of natural philosophy comprehends it. Yet it is called the "Cartesian devil" to this day.

The early settlers of Hopkinton, N. H., saw spectres, heard incomprehensible noises, were strangely perplexed in business or locomotion, took supernatural journeys, etc., etc. They were bewitched. They some-

times identified persons who were mysteriously involved in the causes of these troubles. These persons were witches. At least one locality was specially identified with the manifestation of occult phenomena. This was "The Lookout," a forest on Putney's hill. There were at least two great witches in town. They were "Witch Webber" and "Witch Burbank." There is nothing specially unique in all this. The same may be said substantially of many other early New England towns.

Were all the occult legends of these early times true? Certainly not. Were any of them true? Most likely some were. Ignorance exaggerates; knowledge reduces and corrects. Some of the old legends of Hopkinton, N. H., are too puerile for serious consideration. Others are readily explained by natural science. A disordered physical system produces mental hallucinations. Some of the old vagaries can doubtless be referred to *mania a potu*. Simple chemistry now explains why cow's milk curdles in the udder, as well as why the butter is so long in coming. So we might enumerate natural causes of once mysterious things. Yet there is more to this subject. We do not know to-day how some people can apparently see with their eyes shut; yet we know that it is so. We do not know how one person can "mesmerize" another; yet we know the fact. Is any one prepared to say that these things will not some day be as simple of comprehension as the "Cartesian devil" is now. Then who presumes to proscribe a simple phenomenon of nature?

We have said that "Witch Webber" and "Witch Burbank" were two great witches in Hopkinton, N. H. It is more than probable that all that was said of these women was not true; it may have all been false, but it is said that "Witch Webber" admitted that she was a witch. There are two explanations of this assumed fact. "Witch Webber" may have been conscious of some occult power lurking in her own organism. Hence she may have shared in the popular disposition to exaggerate the phenomenon. On the other hand, "Witch Webber" may have been mirthfully disposed. A person so disposed will sometimes practise on the credulity of others. "Witch Webber" may have been simply mischievous in saying she was a witch. But have we not people to-day who can feel, think, see, hear, tell, and do more than others, while we cannot explain one of the phenomena? Then who, without proof, can say that either "Witch Webber" or "Witch Burbank" was unqualifiedly an imposter and a fraud, while we admit one iota of the testimony of their occult gifts?

It were impossible to tell how much harm might have resulted from witchcraft in Hopkinton, N. H., had it not been for the Rev. Elijah Fletcher. He was minister of the town from 1773 to 1786. When "witchcraft" threatened the community, he referred the matter to Rev. Timothy Walker, of Concord. The Rev. Mr. Walker told the people that "the most they had to fear from witches was from talking about them; that if they would cease talking about them and let them alone, they would soon disappear." There is a savoring of both sincerity and irony in this statement.

It is interpretable in two ways, but it was doubtless a good remark, coming from such a source. When "witchcraft" broke out in Salem, Mass., in 1692, it did not find Rev. Cotton Mather equally wise. The Rev. Mr. Mather was not a bad man. He knew there was something in the phenomenon, but he mistook what it was. Nor was the Rev. Mr. Walker as wise as he might have been. It is possible that both these clergymen, honest at heart, made a "Cartesian devil" out of a single law of nature. Had they both said "Let us see this alleged fact, separate the false from the true, and put the best possible interpretation upon the reality," they would have served humunity better. However, the time was not ripe for such a thing; so we cannot morally blame them, but we can indulge one profitable thought. The occult takes as high a place in history as anything else. It is dignified in Proverbs 29 :18 : "Where there is no vision, the people perish." What does this mean? In the contemplation of Hebrew philosophy, only this: Whoever bounds his ideals by his senses fails of the highest privilege of humanity. We do not believe in ancient "witchcraft." We do believe that at the bottom of every fallacy there is a fact. This fact Divine Wisdom has implanted in creation for a profitable use. Hence, only the foolishness of men will ignore it.

BOOK NOTICES.

JUAN AND JUANITA. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

The writer announces in the preface that this story is true in its essential facts. Two Mexican children, a boy and a girl, aged eight and six years, are carried off by the Indians to the Llanos Estacados, and, after a captivity of four years, make their escape, and travel three hundred miles on foot, back to their home. Their adventures seem rather remarkable for children of their age, and they are accompanied through their perilous journey by a wonderful dog, whose faithfulness and sagacity are worthy of admiration. The story is written in the usual entertaining manner of this admirable author, and is highly interesting to the young reader.

THE STORY OF AN ENTHUSIAST. Told by himself. By Mrs. C. V. Jamison. Boston: Ticknor & Co., publishers, 211 Tremont street. 1888.

This well sustained story, showing how a pre-natal influence and an early education go to make the enthusiast, has for its slight *raison d'être* a portrait of Raphael. This is sold for a trifle at an auction, by the orphan boy's guardian; and then to regain it becomes the serious object of his life. His fortune and his promised bride are both sacrificed to recover it, and the more angry the reader grows at him as the plot develops, the higher is the testimony to the author's skill. A large part of the action takes place among Paris studios, and in Rome. There are some beautiful scenes in the latter city. The inevitable Russian intriguer, a Polish artist, who wears the white robe of a *saccone*, and acts as the Nemesis throughout. French and English people like the book, which, in spite of its numerous *impersonatis personæ*, is clearly and consistently written. It is a book to read twice and enjoy always.

"THE SWANEE RIVER." By Stephen Collins Foster. Boston: Ticknor & Co. For sale by Cushings & Bailey.

This is one of the most beautiful holiday books that has been issued this season. The old familiar song, which for so many years has been ever increasing in popularity, is here given a setting worthy of the hold it has upon the popular heart, and worthy of the grand singers who have delighted their hearers with its melody. As a frontispiece it has a magnificent full page picture of Christine Nilsson, as she appeared when singing this song. In reviewing it, a critic says,—"The words of the song

are well drawn and illuminated on the subsequent pages, amid wreaths of rich Southern flowers and fair Southern landscapes. The air of the song is also given. No one like Stephen Foster has ever had the power to reach and touch every heart. He united to simple words, usually in dialect, music of a peculiar pathos and tenderness that appealed to all men, and which has won for him a unique and special place not granted to the works of other composers."

FAITH'S FESTIVALS. By Mary Lakeman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price $1.00.

This choice little volume, with its pure white cover, beautiful paper, and charming sketches, will prove a favorite gift-book. It recounts the experiences of Faith, as maiden, wife, mother, and grandmother, with chapters on "Christmas Cheer" and "Easter Lilies." We take this occasion to speak again of the paper that Lee & Shepard use in making up holiday books. It is thick, smooth, and creamy, a delight to the sight and touch.

PRE-GLACIAL MAN AND THE ARYAN RACE. A History of Creation and of the Birthplace and Wanderings of Man in Central Asia, from B. C. 32,500 to B. C. 8,000, with a History of the Aryan Race, commencing B. C. 15,000, their rise and Progress, and the Promulgation of the First Revelation; their Spiritual Decline and the Destruction of the Nation, B. C. 4705; the Inroads of the Turanians and the Scattering of the Remnants of the Race, B. C. 4304, as deciphered from a very ancient document. Also, an Exposition of the Law governing the Formation and Duration of the Glacial Period, and a Record of its Effects on Man and on the Configuration of the Globe. A Chapter on the Deluge: its Cause, Locality, and Extent, and an Account of the "Oannes Myth." By Lorenzo Burge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Washington: Wm. Ballantyne & Son, 428 Seventh street.

Mr. Burge's speculations and deductions, as set forth in this remarkable book, are based upon or derived from the allegorical history contained in the early chapters of Genesis, which embrace within their outward form a complete story of the creation, of pre-glacial man, of the Aryan race and of the Asiatic deluge, all the more wonderful because of the fact that such a history has been in possession of the human family for about 6,000 years, with barely a suspicion of its true and comprehensive character. The author has certainly found in Genesis more knowledge of the remote past than it has ever before entered the mind of man to conceive, and his discovery is not only corroborated by what is known of geological periods, but by the testimony of hitherto uninterpreted ciphers found in biblical history

The unknown author of "Geraldine" is not only a poet, but a sharp critic. How many of the fashionable sentimentalists of to-day, most of them women, who vent their woes and their longings, but chiefly their "state-of-minds," towards some defunct "He" or "She" or faithless "You" in the current periodicals, are brought to our minds by his trenchant lines:

"He was less than a poet, if poetry means
To bewilder the senses with fanciful scenes;
To envelop each thought with such mystery round
As to leave it a marvel of meaning profound,
To be chiefly unreal, yet ever to seem
As if always the real came dressed in a dream."

There are fashions in poetry as there are fashions in trowsers, and we may reasonably hope that the years will bury our present lugubrious and misty gushers as deeply in oblivion as years have buried English L. E. L. and our own Frances S. Osgood. When that sunny day arrives, the glory thereof will be to poets like the author of "Geraldine," poets void of the murk and mildew of disappointed passion, or the restlessness and hanker of passion, unappeased. His poem has the perfect light in it and the clear atmosphere of a fresh spring day, an idyllic purity and freshness that remind us of one of Boughton's earlier pictures compared with the carnal "passion and pain" of the Burne-Jones and Rossetti school. The story is a pretty one—we will not do the reader the ill service of epitomizing it—and the form in which it is cast is like sylvan music, even though the ceaseless recurrence of rhyme becomes somewhat monotonous and fatiguing, when followed too long at a time. Scattered all through the musical narrative are lights of high thoughts and shadows of the deepest feeling, bits of picturesque description and glimpses into the human soul, that lose nothing but gain infinitely in being clearly expressed, not shrouded in a dark fog of metaphor, allusion, and phantasmagoric hints. An extract taken at random, almost anywhere, will prove that poetry is not merely a gush of sentimental vagueness, a "mysterious marvel of meaning profound," but an ideally infused form of expression intelligible alike to angels and to men. The volume is beautifully illustrated and bound, even the decorated cover being of exquisite art workmanship. Published by Ticknor & Co.

Robert Collyer's New Book.

It is some time since this quaint poet-preacher went to press with any of his collected utterances. This new and welcome volume contains the same striking combination of pathos and humor, wisdom and wit, common-sense and uncommon insight, which we found in his other books. Naturally, for the contents are made from the cullings of past writings, extending over many years: they are not a recent series of continuous discourses. Young men are always needing advice, and they cannot find any more truthful or sympathetic than abounds in these pages. Mr. Collyer has seen all phases of life, in respect to its limitations and its comfort. Penury yielded its secret to his indomitable will, and popularity becomes subservient to his interpreting spirit. He is a man through all, and never more so than in the work of a preacher. The personality of Robert Collyer has had a fascination for our progressive and hearty people. His robust courage, his unfading good cheer, his salt of mental breadth, his strong humanitarianism, —these traits have won perennial welcome for him. Matching these for the making of his peculiar individuality have been the manner and speech and odd, free fashion, the impassioned tone and sometime storming, tearful tenderness of voice and accent. One might not go to him for theology, yet his system of belief is simple and clear, and for that reason, no doubt, not satisfying to those who, once in for theological satisfaction, require subtle and confusing reasoning. Robert Collyer's "talks" are full of life. They are rich in all that suggests the beauty and grace and symbolism of nature; they touch the chords of sentiment, and ring out joyous peals of hope. Sunshine is in them, the singing of birds, the murmurs of brooks, all refined and purifying aspects of the outer world; while from the shadowy realms of one's soul life he evokes forms of ideal excellence, rouses a noble ambition, stirs the sluggish prayer, and gives to the prodigal thoughts a speedy return to higher objects.

This volume is happily dedicated to the tireless president of the Young Men's Christian Union, in this city, William H. Baldwin, "with more than twenty years' worth of loving regard." This is fitting for old friendship's sake. But there is also a fitness in the fact that Mr. Baldwin has so much to do with young men, by way of shaping their lives and forming their habits. The Union virtually tries to carry out what the volume commends. There are twelve "talks" in the book on the following topics, some of which sound familiar, especially the one on "Sleep." They are "The Joy of Youth," "Godlike Temptations," "My New Name," "In the Spirit," "Two Emigrants," "Two Children," "The Primitive Idea of a Good Wife," "Debt," "Sleep," "A Noble Anger." "Charles and Mary Lamb," "The Companionship of Good Books." The title-page parenthetically hints at "asides to young women," and they prove to be no side issues, but very essentially in the line of help to the young men; for in the exhortation and prescription to young women, a young man may catch the test and requirement necessary in picking out a true helpmate. One has only to compare this volume with T. T. Munger's "On the Threshold," to see how the same subjects are differently treated by live men Both authors get the same results, and look at life with the same high, ennobling thought. Both books are about the best we know for noble, virile youth. It is not our purpose to quote from these attractive pages, nor to epitomize their contents. They contain valuable, weighty speech as to the physical, social, intellectual, moral, religious sides of character. There is a ring of reality. Of all comment possible the last and most inapplicable would be to say there was a perfunctory taint. Young men will not listen to Solomon if he whines and drones. This is the message of a man whose heart never grows old; whose youthful struggles and aspirations are perpetuated in a vivid, sympathetic memory and a still growing character; immortal youth speaking to youth; the firm, clear facts of life allied delicately and suggestively with the world of beautiful, pure imagination. Here is hope for the fearful and laughter for the sad; here is warning for the reckless and sympathy for the weak; here is wisdom for the untaught and strong sense for the frivolous; here is poetry for the prosaic and faith for the doubting. A worthy gift for Christmas; a good companion the year round.

[Talks to Young Men (with Asides to Young Women). By Robert Collyer. Boston: Lee & Shepard.]

"Little Miss Weezy" is the suggestive title of a children's volume written by Penn Shirley (who is a sister of Sophie May, the author of "Prudy Books," etc.), and published by Messrs. Lee & Shepard. The stories are brightly and wittily written, and are narratives of the merry exploits of a rollicking little girl who was full of health, and just as full of fun and mischief. Each chapter of the book contains its own especial story of the interesting subject of the

book, and the little folks will be apt to wish that there were more chapters to captivate their attention. Indeed, even older people will find their risibilities stirred by a perusal of the volume, which is neatly bound in cloth, and has a very clever representation of little Miss Weezy on its title cover. For a holiday gift for children it will be a tempting little book.

The Story of Keedon Bluffs.

Charles Egbert Craddock has in her many of the chief elements that go towards the making of a successful writer for children; she is fertile in incident, picturesque in description, and unfailing in her sympathy with human nature; but "Keedon Bluffs," although written for children, will find its most appreciative readers among grown people. The story is founded on incidents and circumstances which are fascinating to nearly all children; but the dialect of the Tennessee Mountains will be a great stumbling-block to them, and the spirit of the book is too keenly intellectual to suit crude, inexperienced, and therefore unsympathetic, minds.

None of this author's admirers should fail to read this book. It is as strong as anything she has written, and one of its figures, at least, that of the blind Confederate soldier, is destined, from the moment of its appearance in the tale, to remain in the reader's mind a never-to-be-forgotten picture of rugged pathos and tenderness. The character of the boy "Skimpy" is one of those which this writer delights to draw; he is to be commended to the attention of all students of boy-nature. His song, "O, Mister Coon! O, Mister Coon!" rings in the ears long after the tale is ended. Skimpy's companion, "Bose," is a dignified, trustworthy, responsible member of the Sawyer family, whose acquaintance all lovers of dogs should make at once. The story is that of humble people, without a hint of the education and refinement of modern life—life as it is, always has been, and will be, with the conflict in it of good and evil, strong and weak—told with an earnestness, an elevation, and a sincerity which take the heart by storm and hold the attention of the most jaded mind. All around the lowly people of this tale the great natural world is spread with the royal grace that Charles Egbert Craddock knows well how to show. The winds rock the little cabins and lull their inmates to sleep, the trees sigh and rustle, the sun shines over all, and when the cramped and narrow lives of the people become depressing, there is always a wide sweep of landscape somewhere near to rest one's eyes on. (The Story of Keedon Bluffs. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Wide Awake for 1888.

The readers of this wonderful magazine for young people are so accustomed to good reading and pictures that they will wonder how it is going to be better than ever this coming year. But it is.

The new year has already begun with the holiday number just out—a truly great number, larger and richer, more varied, and therefore it must be better than ever before. And the publishers have a primer to send to those who want to know what *Wide Awake* is going to have in it in 1888. The wonder is that such a library and picture-gallery can be got together for $2.40 a year—a thousand pages and everything fresh and new—stories, history, travels, biography, sketches, anecdote, adventure, and all instructive as well as entertaining. Two worlds are drawn from to make such provision for the education and pleasure of our children.

So high is the best of young people's literature nowadays that we are all of us glad to be young. Nine tenths of reading people prefer it to what is written for them, for it has the rare merit of being easy as well as good.

We know of no Christmas gift so sure of bringing a happy response in a reading family. Send $2.40 to D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

Kinkel's Copy Book.

One of the best books for the music teacher to use in imparting instructions to the beginner is "Kinkel's Copy Book." It is a manual of music in thirty-five progressive lessons, containing explanations and useful information, with a series of *writing lessons* pertaining to notation and various other subjects, for beginners as well as advanced students of music. It is a valuable book to use in connection with the larger piano or organ instruction book, though it is a complete rudimentary instructor in itself, and well adapted to class or private instruction. It is of large sheet-music size, contains 60 pages, with blank leaves on which the pupil can copy the printed notes, either with pencil or pen, and it contains lessons in the form of questions and answers, all being plain and well illustrated. Send for sample copy. It is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., and will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 75 cents.

Illustrated History of Coos County, N. H.

This book will be a beautiful royal octavo volume of several hundred pages, bound with morocco back, embossed muslin sides, bevelled boards and gilt edges, and to be 10½ by 7½ inches in size.

The historical matter will be compiled and classified under proper headings, as far as practicable, a few of which we enumerate: Geographical, Geological, Topographical, Indian History, White Mountains, Character of the Pioneers and Incidents of Pioneer Life, Organization of the County, Towns, etc., Fish and Game of Coös, Manufacturing interests, Learned Professions—Bench and Bar, Medical, etc., Societies—Secret, Benevolent, etc., growth and Prosperity, Statistical, etc., Coös in the Rebellion.

Following the general history will appear a history of each town in Coös county, under proper divisions or classification of subjects, commencing with the earliest settlement, and following down to the present day, giving early settlers by name, incidents of interest, history of churches, societies, institutions, banks, manufactories, revolutionary and civil history.

The sons and daughters of Coös county who reside in other states will doubtless be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of procuring a complete and reliable history of the region they all love so well and of which they are so proud. All orders for the history must be addressed to us as below, and at an early date, as the book will be printed from type, and we must know the exact number of subscribers before we commence to print the first chapter. We shall print no extra copies, consequently the only way to secure the work is to order it AT ONCE. Price, $12.50. W. A. Ferguson & Co., Publishers, 22 and 24 E. Washington St., Syracuse, New York.

Good Old Songs.

We have received a copy of that very enjoyable book called "Good Old Songs." It contains more than a hundred songs that have been, and still are, dear to the people. These are not war-songs, but are of a varied nature—some pathetic, some sentimental, some genuine "heart-songs," and others of a patriotic and descriptive character. The book is large, sheet-music size, nicely printed and bound, and ought to find a place in every home. There are piano or organ accompaniments to each piece. "Good Old Songs" is published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., and will be sent to any address on receipt of the price, $1.

American Historical Work.

Second Edition, Enlarged and Illustrated.

It takes a far wider range than its title suggests. Indeed, the title may be looked upon as the cord on which the pearls are strung.—*The Churchman.*

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN BURLINGTON, N. J. Comprising the Facts and Incidents of nearly Two Hundred Years, from original, contemporaneous sources. By the Rev. George Morgan Hills, D. D., Rector of St. Mary's Parish and Dean of Burlington; Member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, etc. 8vo, pp. 831; 325 copies only. $10.00.

Beautifully illustrated with phototypes and engravings, viz.:

St. Mary's Church, Burlington, N. J.
Friends' Meeting House, 1683.
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Col. Daniel Coxe, the originator of the plan for an American union, subsequently used by the Thirteen United States.
Autograph and Episcopal Seal of John Talbot, the first Bishop in North America, 1722–'27.
Rev Colin Campbell, for twenty-eight years Rector of Burlington, and the founder of the Church in Mount Holly, N. J.
Rev Jonathan Odell, the loyalist poet and refugee, and first secretary of the Province of New Brunswick.
Rev. Charles H. Wharton, D. D., one of the leading clergymen in organizing and nationalizing the American Church.
Bishop G. W. Doane, founder of St. Mary's Hall and Burlington College (with autograph).
Old St. Mary's Church, 1834
Bishop Odenheimer (with autograph).
"Riverside," the Episcopal residence.
Rev. Wm. Crosswell Doane, now Bishop of Albany (with autograph).
Rev. Eugene A. Hoffman, now Dean of the General Theological Seminary, New York.
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THE TRIBUNE does not attempt to supersede the local state and county press But, in the great Presidential conflict now at hand, every thinking Republican, old soldier, farmer, and temperance man, should have his local paper and THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

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